Doesn't Amount to Much.

Millionaire's Diamonds,

(WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

There is great lamentation among some

people over what they call the decadence of

Christmas. They hold that it is degenerating into a mere holiday, a common giving

of gifts, a time when people lose their heads,

run themselves into debt, indulge in ex-

cesses that make them not happy, but un-

happy. They say people go racing around

for weeks, wearing themselves out, making

themselves nervous, taxing both physical

and nervous energy to the utmost stretch by

the strain between their desires and their

means, and to what end? Not happiness,

because the philosophers contend that that is an illusion, and experience seems to con-

firm it, but simply as a sacrifice to the spirit

The giving of gifts is beautiful in senti-

ment, pleasant in reality, joyous and blessed

to those who have the power and the spirit

to those who have the power and the spirit of love which prompts it, until it degenerates into barter and trade, until all the poetry is rubbed off by the mercenary idea of measuring the worth of its expressions by dollars and cents. Moreover, by those who value friendship, who appreciate the kindly thoughts of those who know them by their simplest manifestation, who accept with warmest pleasure the most trifling revealment of appreciative regard, expense is never considered, or, if so, is rather regretted as imposing a sort of sense of obligation.

WHAT AN INVALID LEARNED.

Her last days were spent far from friends

and home, but they were continually glad-dened and brightened by the little gifts that

were enriched and made more precious than

rubies, as showing the love of far-off friends. Uncle Sam's budget rarely failed

to bring a letter, a paper, a photograph, a book, a ribbon or some small matter that by

the exiles was looked upon almost as a god-send. Boxes of candy, baskets of fruit, a fresh magazine, extracts cut out of papers, little bits of this, that and the other were

nickle, or his little tribute not more than a

dime. The spirit inspiring the offering is

WHAT A BOY LEARNED.

"I can't have any birthday down here," said a little boy discontentedly. "Nobody knows us." But the little fellow realized

ture to almost fever heat with his excite-ment, but if the senders could have wit-nessed his delight they would have been

lavishly repaid for the trouble they had to

give him pleasure.
With this chapter from experience which

might, if written out, fill a book of at least

its richest expression in the giving of

It is the overflow of this feeling that

HOW SOME PROPILE FEEL.

makes Christmas a disagreeable time to

young couple to go to housekeeping, but now, as society goes, they are held as taxes

and tributes that are to be paid-not so

much in token of love and friendship as

through deference to custom, which, how-ever, enforces their full payment in the end.
"The couple who get married on the dead quiet, without parade of receptious and gifts, are better off altogether," said a bride of a score of years ago. "They have no ob-

of a score of years ago. "They have no ob-ligations to pay off with extortionate inter-

est. Having received no gifts, save from

names are not paraded upon the matrimonial

books of their acquaintances as owing some-thing handsome in the line of a present to be shown at the wedding."

IF PROMPTED BY LOVE.

Wedding gifts, like Christmas gifts and all others, when prompted by love and good will, are blessed to give and to receive. To

hances every joy, mitigates every pain. It is a plant of slow growth, records George

well bear the strain.

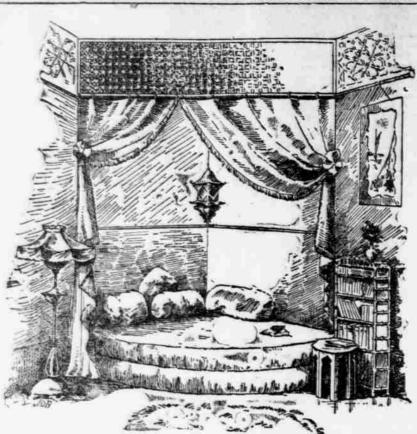
three volumes, we have no hesitation in say

the point, and not the value.

day cards in the mail run up

of Christmas.

no account.



ticles with relief designs. These castings are an exact reproduction of carved marble or stone which is very expensive.

A Pretty Rustle Screen.

We have all seen the rustic trames which

have been used for screens, and consist of

roots and vines massed in solid framework

and probably it was this which gave the

idea for a screen we were recently

shown, says The Upholsterer. The side uprights were two crooked saplings,

painted a dead brown in imitation of de-

cayed wood. Between the forked upper limbs a cobweb is built, and an owl sits on

one of the branches, a crab is crawling up from the trunk, and a snake is traversing

Collars of Gold.

Poetry on the Wall.

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
Oh, thou, who e'er thou art,
And let ne troubled yesterday
Disturb thy peaceful heart,
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest,
With dreams of coming ill.
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still,
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light;
The stars are shining overhead
Sleep gently, then—
Good-night,

Painting Plants on Windows

rather new. A housekeeper in Baltimore,

wishing window room probably and less

bother with watering-pots, conceived an im-

rovement on nature and painted, realistic-

sign on the table cloth and feeding fam-

Here we have an adjustment of material

arranged carelessly and in a manner to

shorten the waist, knotted artistically a

trifle to one side, the full round throat, bared

A Neglinee Effect

that breath may not be fretted; the skirt,

full, not tied back, leaving the aukles un-trammeled and insuring perfect freedom to

the wearer. Everything in this costume

though fashionably decorated,

being cast upon it. Castings are made from suggests a warm, vigorous, well-put-to-fretwork, rubber mats, and many such ar-

ished progeny on "effects."

Good-night,

any Japanese store.

with bright ribbons.

lowing in her boudoir:

## FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

Points on Home Decoration and the Trouble the Fad Inflicts on the Male Creation-Jottings on Fashion and Society-A Pittsburg Girl in Gotham.

Now that the holidays are upon us, home decoration will soon be a phrase so nagged at and abased that before the Christmas tree is fairly down and out in the alleys the subject of "art decorative" will be black and blue for six months says The Upholsterer of Philadelphia. No wonder a sensible man grows pale and careworn, glum of visage and bine under the eyes, when the realization dawns on him that his wife has the decorative lever. Visions rise of pink sear's and blue tidies all over the mantle and bureau, with no place to rest a cigar stump-attenuated tables with gingerly vases, poised to tip over if looked at-little ottomans always under your feet-bowbedecked rockers, always aimed at your shins-fussy curtains, that keep the light from your shaving glass, and a dezen-andone scheming devices made for "system," but which need a map and a guidebook to keep track of.

"John," says the wife, "when you take off your shirt at night, there's the box for your collar buttons; when you want your slippers, there's a case over there you will find them in. This is for burnt matches, and that a catch-all for hair combings, and there's the pin cushion," and forthwith she tucks all her hairpins at night under the pillow and sticks pins in the foot of the bed, where John's feet invariably find them. By the heavens and stars! If all these odds and ends could only be gathered together and clustered in a sort of decorative freak group, John would certainly be a happier

The one thing to avoid in furnishing a room is in overdoing it. It is like a woman-if she is over-dressed, her appearance is ineffective. The illustration at the head of these columns shows a corner done by the best decorator in this country. It is not only effective from a decorative view, but inviting and full of sense and comfort. The fretwork which comes neross the top is done to harmonize with the other colors of the room; so also are the sofa cushious. The rest explains itself.

Washing the Hair.

Up and away the best thing for washing the bair is hard soap, procured from the kitchen. Make a strong suds, rub it quickly on the hair, and just as quickly wash it off

How Pittsburgers Fare in Gotham.

A young lady from Pittsburg entered a the wall and the intense effect it had upon New York millinery establishment the other Mr. Belshazzar. It was about this time day-one that has no end of a reputation in the inscription fad started, and although it this city and elsewhere-and selected a per. has taken some time to reach over American feetly satisfactory bounet, says the New cities, it has at last got here, and way back York Sun. She wanted another, but she felt that the prices demanded would not warrant her indulging in two. She was led to try on a second, however, and forthwith | girlwas attacked with a longing to possess it. The price was asked. Reply, "\$30."

"I muse't, I can't pay that," said the young lady from Pittsburg, "but if you will let me have it for \$25 I will take it." The milliner, looking the picture of cutraged dignity, exclaimed: "Do outraged dignity, exclaimed: "Do you think for one moment that



I ever come down in my prices? Never! couldn't think of letting you have that hat for less than \$30." The young lady, feeling cuipable of a heinous sin, let the store. Before she reacced home she had visited another milliner and selected a hat that suited her, although it did not bear the mark of the more famous establishment. That evening at the hotel her purchases ar-Instead of one hat there came two from Mme, B., the milliner whom she had sited first in the morning. The bill for No. 2. however, was reduced in size, and bonnet outraged dignity and all, were only \$25.

There were arguments and expostulations, but without avail. To save a scene with a po-liceman, hotel clerk, hall boys, and what not, the Pittsburg young lady handed over the \$25. Madam B. knew she would.

She didn't want the bonnet now at any

one to take its place. She remonstrated with the messenger. He had received orders not to budge until the bill was paid, and

price, because she had tound and paid to

Novelties in Tables.

Many tables are now shown entirely covered by thin velvet, studded with brass nails or finished at the edges with gold cord. The tables are made in simple straight line effects, and the coverings are usually soft rose or delicate greens. Work tables are fashioned with the top represent ing a musical instrument, a violin, a guitar or banjo, produced in realistic wood and upheld by legs, plush covered. Among the new kind of tables to be seen in the market are curious imported examples of inlaid work. The tops, for instance, show three or four different varieties of wood, ar ranged in parallel lengths, with a huge tulin pattern or some other heavy figure nlaid over them all, in an additiona or five color effect. Experiments are being made for easting tops of imitation marble and other composite material upon tables after they are made. These tops will be made in various figures and tints, and very effective work can be had without much cost. The material adheres fast to the wood. courage and strength would be sufficient

Woman's Sphere Again

Miss Nelly Kelly, of the Ohio State ournal, is a regular "first-wire" operato of the Associated Press, at the same salary that is paid to first-wire men. She takes 15,000 words in a night, and at 2:30 A. M. she goes home alone and unmolested.

The Wonderful Wooden Rings. Beggar's Doll is as Important as One sees a wooden curtain pole ring and the rings that are used for towl racks and wonders how they are ever made to sell for

so little money. It is done through the al- THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY CAN'T DIE most human intelligence of modern factory mechanism. A block of wood is put under a turner. Four, five or six large rings, according to the depth of the block, are ground out of it, leaving an inner circular block as waste. This block, is in turn, put under a smaller size turner and as many more smaller rings are produced. What is left is again utilized, and so on and on, until they are down to the smallest size possi-ble. These rings are used for no end of purposes. They are tied up by ribbon or caught up against the wall as a whisk broom holder. They are cut in half and form curved legs for hat racks. They are hung from a rod and used for towel racks. They are ar-ranged side by side, clover-leaf shape and serve as tops for umbrella stands. There is to end to the use of them.

A great furore for bands of blue bearskin as a decoration for light and dainty dresse prevails among the Parisian women

A Realistic Hat Rack.

The most curious hat rack we ever saw, says Uphoisterer, is fashioned to represent an old wooden lamp post attached to the corner of a country fence, about three feet wide; sticking out of the post and sence are hat and coat pegs, and perched upon the top is a cat with back uplifted, spitting at a barking pup below her. The animal figures are done in life-size and presumably bronze; the fence and lamp post are in oak and in close reproduction of just what some old country fence and corner lamp post look like, even to the old-fashioned iron lamp which surmounts the top.

The Bower of an Heiress. Miss Rockefeller's bedroom at Rockwood Hall, in Tarrytown, is a most dainty and unique little apartment, with its walls and ceiling painted with leaves and garlands, In one of the panels is set an onyx clock with a silvered pendulum reaching to the floor and richly chased golden hands moving up among the carved garlands.

The Sachet of Lavender. There is no more delicious sachet than one of lavender flowers for underwear or bedlinen. It is one of the least expensive of suchets, and, though faint, is peculiarly refreshing and soothing to the nerves. Lavender used to be grown in old gardens; but, like most English garden herbs, it does not always survive our uneven climate with its alternate periods of freezing and thawing in winter. The plant cannot be obtained now, and florists who are honest will tell you plainly that the herb they advertise as lavender is not the genuine English flower, but a lavender balm with nothing in common with the true lavender but a name. little bits of this, that and the other were cherished and appreciated with a zest hardly to be realized by those outside of such experience, but mentioned now for the benefit of those who are restrained by the thought that cheap gifts are not welcomed by the receivers. If prompted by sincere love and true friendship let no one withhold his hand it his bunch of violets cost only a notice which it is the results and the second of the

A Pretty Dalsy Frock. Flower dresses are decidedly in vogue and are exceeding pretty and becoming for evening wear. The daisy frock



appropriate for a young girl. A corsage completely covered with scarlet geraniums was shown by a French modiste as a splendid foil to a dark beauty's charms. A plant in front of a window is never in poor taste, but plant "effects" are something

Furniture of the French schools, Louis XV. and XVI. is shown in some stores, very high in the back, and panels of Verilly, a plant and pot on the window pane of nis-Martin finish (pastoral views oil her second-story "front." If that woman isn't watched she'll be stencilling a boiled dinner painted) are introduced with coverings that their friends will think less of them if gorgeous in gold and deep green, bright a gift is not forthcoming, and yet, they garnet and bronzes, as well as the fady effects. The purity of this French period, not afford it—that to fall in with the custom did not permit inlaid work, is which ignored by some makers, and into the gold of the woodwork mother-of-pearl inlays are introduced with purple and green effects in moved them, or when their purses could suggestive of comfort, says "Meg" in the Philadelphia Times. Surplice folds and puffed shoulders and wrist; broad waistband brilliants.

The Tennis Fad Keeps Up.

Indoor tennis is one of the popular winter a joyous celebration of the birth of the Messports. It has been discovered that nothing builds up the figure like handling a racket, hence all the girls are playing tennis "fit to kill" in both rain and shine. The costume for indoor tennis is more abbreviated than was possible for outdoor work. A Jersey blouse, skintight as far down as the waist, and a copious Jersey flannel shirt, with allwool stockings and cork-soled shoes, are worn for this glorious indoor pastime.

The Popular Theater Bonnet. The Jeanne d'Arc theater bonnet is con posed of the peculiar pointed waistband which forms part of the heroine's costume.

arranged as a diadem on a twisted brim of velvet, with gold and spangles in near and dear friends and relatives, their relief and no crown. BOSTON'S SOCIAL CRAZE,

It is a Whist Party at Which Whist Isn't Played at All.

Ten young men and an equal number of society girls met one evening recently at a love and to be beloved is the greatest happi-Back Bay hotel to play cards. They called ness of existence, says Sidney Smith. themselves a whist club. What they did Friendship is the holiest of gifts; it enthemselves a whist club. What they did was, first, to est a nice, long supper, then to play eucher for an hour, and, finally, to enjoy a jolly dance. Having engaged an orchestra for the evening, they ate to music, euchred to music, danced to music and went home in a tuneful flutter.

Everybody was in evening dress, the men in cleablances and the girls in low rest. play eucher for an hour, and, finally, to

in clawhammers and the girls in low necking and short sleeves. It was really a formal party, just like thousands of parties that take place in the environs of Commonwealth feelings of barter and exchange, or give and avenue, except that cards were an element of the entertainment. The men were the hosts and the girls were the guests, but all were members of a regular organized active and rather exclusive club. This sort of thing is very popular in Boston this winter.

spoons, and nut crackers, and hair pin repositories at weddings, but Americans, with their largeness, would think such ONLY LOVE'S TOKEN A Christmas Gift in and of Itself

with their largeness, would think such triffes mean.

Herein comes the lesson. It is not the value of the gift, but the heart behind it that should count. Many, many people are deterred from sending the little offerings they could afford by the thought that they will be of little or no account, but if sincerely disposed, without reference to a quid pro quo, they are received with high regard. IT'S THE HEART THAT'S BEHIND IT. CHRISTMAS CAN NOT DIE.

Christmas as a season for social enjoyment

as a holiday of feasting, as a season for in culcating the glad tidings of peace and good will to men can surely not grow old, or waste into decay. In the days of the Puritans it was derided and ostracised and denounced as savoring of idolatry. Instead of merry making they decreed a solemn fast on that day which should be spent in a bemoaning of sins. The Puritans of New England were opposed to the celebration of Christmas, but its spirit has outlived their scruples. Everybody now takes part in it, whether from secular or church given many takes and the secular or church given the secular or chur whether from secular or church-given mo-tives. Christmas as a season of rejoicing, as a holiday in which people delight, as per-vading society with an emotion in which all the world takes part, as devoted by all men and women to the delight of childhood, holds a sway that can hardly be overcome. holds a sway that can hardly beovercome.

Its spirit may decay, its real rignificance as a birthday may perhaps
lapse, but as adding a pleasure to childhood, it can hardly die out. It is only
when people grow old, that they wish it had
never been invented. It is only when it
has nothing but bitter memories, that its
celebration is held to be a sorry festival.

It is a matter of wonder now to some of It is a matter of wonder now to some of those trained in the school of strictest Presbyterians, how they ever got along without it, but the number of those who think its it, but the number of those who think its glory has departed and its decay is at hand seem to be growing. But how strange now it would seem to do without it. How would the children measure the years without Christmas and Santa Claus? Christmas is the children's festival. For their sake it will hardly be permitted to sink into "innocuous desuetude." as Brother Clayeland would say. It will esticate her Cleveland would say. It will certainly last the present generation at least, though people are beginning to discountenance the "awful whoppers" told as immoral. BESSIE BRAMBLE.

HOW TO RETIRE.

Rules Beauty Should Observe if She is Going to Last.

"My illness has taught me a great lesson," said an invalid. "It has shown me the real goodness in people, the true kindness, the blessed charm in the offices of friendship," she continued, as she gazed upon the offerings of fruit, and flowers, and books, and tokens of remembrance as shown Philadelphia Inquirer. 1 in workmanship, and manufacture that crowded her room. "It had always seemed to me, before, that my little gifts were of no moment, and of no value to anyone, but What is the correct method to pursue in preparing for a trip into dreamland, for there is a right as well as a wrong way? now I appreciate the fact that the smallest and simplest token inspired by real love is The business of disrobing should be so systematized that attending to all the little niceties included in the process will become after a while second infinitely precious as a mark of remembrance and good feeling. I shall never, hereafter, be withheld from giving by the thought that what I could send would be lightly esteemed or overlooked or held as of ne secont." nature. There is something more to be done, let me assure you, besides putting your hair up in curl papers and dabbing a bit of cold cream on your face if you would wake up in the morning looking as fresh as a rose. In the first place, do not put off these important preparations until you are so heavy lidded that you are ready to give everything belonging to the toilet the

go-by.

And now for the first step. Early in the evening your sleeping apartment should be thoroughly aired by dropping the window from the top and raising it at the bottom. Ten minutes will be quite sufficient for ton-ing up the atmosphere. Now close the windows and allow the room to become thoroughly warm. Prepare a big bowl of tepid water, into which you sprinkle a small quantity of ammonia or borax. Take a Turkish towel, which is much better than a sponge, wring it out as dry as possible, and grasping a corner in each hand give the spine a vigorous rubbing. Have at hand another Turkish towel, and as you bashe the body in sections dry as quickly as possible. How your smooth white skin will glow as you start into action the sluggish circulation! From the points of your rosy toes to the curve of your soft throat you are a blushing model of the charming ef-fects of the bath. When finished slip he was all astray in his calculations. A pot of flowers in bloom, a dainty little vase filled with roses, a pretty cup and sancer, a silk or lisle thread is the best), the rosy skin silk or lisle thread is the best), the rosy skin silk or lisle thread is the best), the rosy skin silk or lisle thread is the best). "pigs in clover," a box of dominoes, and no end of little gifts made that boy as happy as a king, and for that matter happier. Birthnight robe, and next the pajama or lounging gown, which may be made of anything from finnel to eider down. Tuck your feet into a pair of bedroom slippers, and you are ready to attend to minor details. Never think of retiring in any article of

clothing which you have worn during the NICER THAN THE ICES.

ing that the giving of gifts need not be at all expensive in order to secure apprecia-How to Make Czarina Cream, Which is the tion, or give pleasure. There need be no filing up of bills to be groaned over in the Popular Refreshment, first week of the New Year. If people are not satisfied, or if they growl over their New York Tribune. ] "Czarina Cream," which is now served in gifts they may be set down as ingrates. If friendship is to be measured in that manner preference to ices at really nice and refined dinners, is very easy to make and looks exit is worth nothing, and may as well be let go. It should be remembered that those who love you would gladly give you a house and lot, or a good farm, or a million tremely pretty and ornamental. Whisk a pint and a half of cream to a strong froth, add 14 ounces of fine powdered sugar, a dollars, if their means in any way came up to their desires, but the appreciation of their wineglass of maraschino, half a glass of kummel, 16 drops of concentrated essence of lesser gifts should be measured by their vanilla and one and a half ounces of isin-If there is a time when the most glass dissolved in a gill of boiling rose well-to-do people seel poor, it is at Christ-mas, when good will to all men and especially to those they love inspire them

Have ready a glass of spinach juice, color the cream therewith, beat the mixture thoroughly and drop into it some shredded fresh pistachios and almonds. Pour into a mold and place in a pail of crushed ice and salt to freeze. Serve with iced champagne sauce

and vanilla gauffres. Trousers Bottom Protector

many. How greatly they would enjoy the felicities of the season if they only had the It seems as if the ingenuity of the incash, is the prevailing feeling. They can't sleep at nights for the miserable thought ventor would never tire of seeking for new worlds to conquer. A singular invention is the subject of a recent patent. This is neither more nor less than a trousers protector will use them up, it mayhap physically and financially. How much happier they would jections at its lower edge prevent the bottom of the trousers from coming in contact with the ground and getting muddy. It is claimed that by its use it is impossible to pick up mud, and that the unsightly method Laura writes: "I sm about to ask you Christmas is decaying, say some, because of turning up the bottoms of trousers in wet weather is avoided. It is said to be not its real spirit has departed. It is no longer noticeable when worn, and is made in different colors to suit the cloth. It weighs onesigh, but has become a mere occasion for holiday feasting, and a giving of gifts that are considered obligatory by force of custom, rather than as tokens of love and good will. eighth of an ounce, and can be instantly fixed or removed. The same is said of wedding gifts. In old times these were bestowed as helps to a

Styles in Embroidery. The "sketchy" style of embroidery so much like a few years since has under ignorant handling produced such astonishingly bad results in form and color that set figures and patterns are now greatly pre-Kensington stitch and crewels have had their day as all genuine art-lovers are thankful to know. The old-fashioned Berlin work is coming slowly

Don't be Spotty. The great Delsartian master speaks as follows to his devotees: "Don't be spotty; take away from your dress and out of your parlor anything that asserts itself. Don't wear gold and diamonds with dark dresses; put them on with yellow. If you want all the cups and saucers you have broken and all the torn clothes you have fretted over to

but surely into favor again.

show in your face put on a black gown." Patti's Goddaughter's Pearls. Miss Adelina Patti Baird, a goddaughter of the diva and daughter of a rich English iron founder, has a string of pearls collected from the days of her babyhood. One of her first gifts was a number of fine unstrung pearls, and to these have been added others from time to time by parents and relatives, until she now has a matchless necklace,

A Ghastly Discovery. M. Gorex, a learned physician of Burgos, recently ascertained the fact that the figure on the crucifix in the cathedral at that place is a real human body, in a perfect state of preservation. It is said to have been in its present position since the beginning of the RULES FOR BEAUTY: How to Drive Away Wrinkles and

Bring Back Youth's Bloom.

SHARP ELBOWS AND UGLY NECKS.

Care to be Exercised in Bathing on These Cold Wintry Days.

PIRACY IN ADVERTISING SCHEMES

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR. Can anything excel in daintiness the first snows of the season? They fall gently now before my eves on the quiet hillside. The little wood which girdles it looks soft as a richly toned engraving through the gauze of the flakes. The place is still as the quiet after death, but wrapped in warmth and comfort deep as the silence. Summer days hardly have anything sweeter than this quiet of fulfillment and zest of work. Of

all conditions to accomplish real study or

mental work give me the unfettered quiet of a country house set in December snows. The blending of primitive and modern comfort is pleasant where an opening door lets in the cold, exquisite sweetness of the dead wood spices lingering in drift of sweet fern, bayberry and dry vernal grasses which perfume the snow banks, the subdued, rich coloring of the brown-grav woods, shot with russett, the yellows of bark and willows and somberly fresh evergreens to meet the eye in place of the brick walls and iron pipes of

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

A house warm with wood fires and furnace from one end to the other, where the glad sun looks into five windows in the sitting room, with as many tables heaped with periodicals and manuscripts, plenty of new ting room, with as many tables heaped with periodicals and manuscripta, plenty of new books and old, easy going chairs and comfort-loving lounges, the city at one's elbow, its glow lighting the sky by night, the house to one's self, with unlimited control of every hour for working to the best advantage—is not this to be envied by the sincere brain toilers? You rise when rested; if it has been a wakeful night you take the good of five year falls continually and grows much hours' sleep after the first cock crow, and no darker. "She knows a bleach that many frown awaits you at the late breakfast, the girls in town use, and is strongly tempted to coffee is as hot and the muffins as fresh as if follow their example. Would it cause her you had dragged yourself aching down at a hair to fall or injure it in any way?" canonical hour.

Some weeks since I received a letter with

Perhaps you wake to see the red fires burn in the East while the Morning Star grows whiter and the valley takes exquisite changes in vapor and level light. A whirr of soft wings at the lattice comes like an audacious good morning, or a bird flies in at the open top of the window and sweeps round the room in friendly fearlessness. There is a pat, pat of four legged friends, dog neighbors coming up to the side door to be petted and get the bone or two saved for them.

A MESSENGER FROM THE WORLD. The New York express dashes by with its long steam plume flying backward half a mile—the pulse of the world's artery in this quiet fold of the east counties—and the day opens for 14 hours' good, uninterrupted work till the evening lamp has burned for as people here say to being paid five times as much as anybody else gets, but what this druggist overlooked from beginning to end was that even a newspaper correspondent three of them, and about the time the cur-tain goes up in theaters one creeps to a restful pillow with "Shoemaker on Skin Dis-eases" or some such light reading to go to might have a sense of personal right and property which not all his plate glass shop and mirrors would count against. It so happened that the name toilet cerate was

sleep over.

The air pure and sweet as incense, the The air pure and sweet as incense, the long hours of early sleep, the studied warmth and simple generous care, above all the freedom from petty annoyances and friction of social life are the best possible regime for finding strength lost in the city. I do count the years spent in cities as good as wasted but for the renewed conviction they leave that country life is the only one worth living. It is a relief to come back to commetics and health questions after 2,800 old queries for waste silk. Mary M. asks:

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S HARD LINES.
"Is there any way in which the perpendicular lines an inch long can be erased from between the eyebrows? They have appeared and fixed themselves only within the last two months and are probably the autograph of two years' teaching, but at 28 one does not wish to bear a certificate of service

One needs to be a clairvoyant to answer such questions. A glance at the girl's face would tell her mental and nervous state and the relief necessary to correct this care-print, which would be worth all the cosmetic hints n the world.

Is it any use to say to teachers, leave your school behind you when you close the door? Our school system is such a pitless grind that I had rather be a typewriter, a dressmaker, a small shopkeeper, or a basket vender with small wares than have the best salary in city schools. A teacher's life out of school ought to be as care-free and lively as possible, and scholars and parents who are able should vie in attentions and devices to secure this refreshment for teachers. It instead of stitching forever for church fairs and relief societies, the women of leisure were to look after tired teachers, not as objects of charity but as honored and useministers in the very hardest work in the world except that of mothers and housekeepers combined, overwork would not print its brand on their brows so early.

CHARMING AWAY THE WRINKLES. Whether Mary M. needs warning, or can take it it she does, she will thank me more to tell her how to charm away that ob-noxious wrinkle. Holding a hot iron to the spot, with folds of cloth to prevent burning, tends to erase lines on the face. Applying a drop or two of hot almond oil or any sweet oil, and rubbing with the finger, makes the skin clustic. Massage with the tips of the fingers, rubbing outward with both hands, rubbing outward with the tips of the fingers which is held to the trousers by means of two small spring clips, and the balls or proskin across the evebrows with pressure will obliterate the habit of contracting the brow.

what mother says you will consider a very foolish question—why is my neck beginning to sink, either side, just above the collar bone, and why is my elbow getting sharp, when I weigh more than I ever did, 112 pounds, just five feet high? I have read of washes to make the neck look plump, but am afraid to try them."

SHAPING THE NECK AND ARM. The question is a very timely one, for the hollow above the collar bone of a person in good health can only be caused by defective way of holding oneself in sitting and walk-ing. Throwing the chest out, holding the head up, and shoulders flat will "fill the salt cellars" in time. Washes may whiten the neck, but they cannot make it plump in any possible way. The sharp elbows on a plump arm show want of exercise for the arms. Laura should sweep, grind coffee, carry weights and make beds in stirring fashion three hours a day or she will find herself getting out of shape as she grows older. If she could turn a wheel

shapely arm. C. C. M. asks questions about things

without repeating them:

A warm sponge bath in a warm room, with water and temperature high enough to feel luxuriously warm, may be taken in any state of health without risk.

The fullest bath is the best, keeping the water hot all the time. Half the ailments of women are aggravated if not caused by their exponent in warm hathing. their economy in warm bathing.

The room in which a bath is taken should be something like 80° against the wall, and the water kept hot as the hand can bear, for

a sponge or full bath. LIMITING THE BATHING. When this cannot be secured, when one

is the least indisposed, it is better to limit bathing till full strength is regained to washing the face, armpits and such parts of the surface as secrete the most. The hollow of the bosom and between the shoulder blades on the back are furnished with more and larger glands for oil and perspiration than any other parts of the trunk, and need a daily wash with soap whether a bath is taken or not—always provided one is not chilled in the process.

Fastidious women must take notice that

throws its work on other organs, hence care is necessary to keep other functions perfect.

TAKING CARE OF A COLD.

There is nothing like a little cold for mak-

or every hour, to supply the fluids of the body and to increase its warmth.

Are ices dangerous? In cases with irreg-ular circulation and sharp neuralgic pains

they most certainly are not advisable, es-pecially when there is any weakness of the heart's action. Learn to know your own sensations, to note cause and effect. This is

part of the education of every man and

Miss K. writes that her eye was perfectly

foot baths and mild purgatives.

Sara finds that her blonde hair the last

the cipher and device of a fashionable

inspection. The coolness of this message

struck me as extreme. There was not the

shadow of a request to use my article-not

the most distant hint of recognition that I

might have some right or wish in the matter

-simply the seizure and notice that he in-

CONSCIENCE OF AN ESSEX YANKER.

Now I don't pretend to be above liking pretty toilet things or at all objectionable

invented by me for a preparation by a Mas-sachusetts chemist, which has another trade name. As the New York druggist owned

to the agent who wrote me, he never heard

of such a thing as toilet cerate till my article of October 19, when, not knowing

what it was, he got up something to answer the name for inquiring customers. It was, as he said, a fine cold cream—as much like real toilet cerate as sealing wax is like bees-

He meant to do a big stroke of business,

to adroitly turn the article you all read into a gorgeous advertisement of a preparation he never thought of till he read

the article, and then get another puff for

his novelties on equally favorable terms

uminous and perfectly feasible idea to him.

His circulars and advertisements for a

month have borne my name against my re-

peated protests through an agent, and the

ast intimation was that he did not feel very

DIDN'T KNOW WRITERS ARE HONEST.

be soothed by a present of fancy wares and the prospect of a profitable bit of work, does

not seem to have occurred to him. That a newspaper which had bought and paid for the article in question might object to hav-ing it used as an advertising puff never

erossed his mind.

He must answer to his customers for sell-

ing them cold cream under the name of a totally different preparation with such an

indorsement. His example has been fol-lowed by two or three other houses in New

York and San Francisco, who advertise

toilet cerate evolved from their inner con

sciousness. I do not choose to be made a

party to this performance. If purchasers find the articles fall short of the recommendation appropriated from my language, I beg to assure them it applies to a totally different sort of thing. I will

merely remark to this company of toilet frauds that they have against them a chem-

st who knows his business and can com-

bine preparations of worth, and a writer

who can invent trade names faster than they

can steal them, which is claiming a good

deal, but modesty mus: sometimes give way to facts. I will close by saying to anyone

it may concern that persons attempting to use these articles for advertising purposes may get more free advertising than they ex-

pected.

Fastidious women must take notice that cleanliness, prized as it is, is not so indis-

Dies of Suffocation, a Peanut Shell Lodging in Her Throat.

THE DEEP SORROW OF THE MOTHER

cleanliness, prized as it is, is not so indispensable as warmth to our vitality. I should feel very sorry if the stress laid upon bathing and personal cleanliness in these letters should lead any heroic girl to take baths in a cold room or, what is almost as bad, a half warm one, where she must hurry through with her toilet to avoid getting chilly. Better in cold weather, where the luxury of warmth is not at its fullest, limit one's personal cares to washing neck, armpits, etc., at night with a soapy cloth without wholly undressing, and take a dry rub with a woolen cloth or a silk sponge towet, limb by limb, till glowing warm. This with a thorough-going hot bath once a week in midwinter will keep one in good condition. The cold lessens the action of the skin and throws its work on other organs, hence care Mrs. Isidor Bernstein, the wife of a cloakmaker who is out of work, was washing the dishes on Friday morning in her living room on the second floor of 181 Orchard street, says the New York Sun. Her baby, Jenny, 15 months old, was was playing on the floor with a bagful of peanuts. The child was blue-eyed and gold-haired, and a jolly little thing, always laughing. Every now and then Mrs. Bernstein looked up from her task and said something in He-

brew baby talk to the young one. All at once she heard Jenny cough ing one feel utterly miserable and spiritless. A trifling matter—yes, but worth some trifling care to prevent what is worse. If you are chilly get warm, if you crowd the fire to do so; drink hot tea, lemonade or hot clam broth, not by the bowlful as a penance, but a half cupful every ten minutes or every hour. sharply, and then came that backing spluttering sound which every mother has heard. Baby had swallowed a piece of peanut shell, and it had stuck in her throat. Dropping dishcloth and everything, the mother ran over and took Jenny in her arms, patted her on the back, held her head down, and poked in her mouth, but the thing would not come out, and already Jenny's face was turning purple.

A BACE WITH DEATH.

Throwing a shawl about her shoulders, Mrs. Bernstein wrapped Jenny in its folds and flew down the stairs. She forgot to shut the door of her room. She ran to the house of the nearest doctor through the bitter wind, which seemed to be striving to delay her. The doctor was at home. One glance was enough for him. "An operation will be necessary,"

Mrs. Bernstein understands English imperfectly, but the word "operation" she understood,
"No, no, no!" she cried. "I won't let
you cut up baby."
She seized Jenny in her arms again, and

rushed out. A few blocks further down the street was another doctor, and to his office she ran, and people stood still to look after her and wonder. This doctor had hardly glanced at the baby when he said that same word, "operation." Mrs. Bernstein ran out of the house. Then druggist who enjoys the reputation of having the showiest store in New York. It conveyed this singular message: "I intend to use your article on toilet cerate for a preparation of my own," and added a hint of some toilet novelties to be forwarded for insuection. The coolness of this message she went straight to the station house, but a physician's sign on the way attracted her attention, and she stopped to ring the bell. The doctor was not at home. As she ran up the steps of the station house she panted for breath, and all she could do was to hold up the gasping baby in her arms. The Sergeant understood, and rang for an ambulance.

NO HELP FOR THE BABY. It was a long wait, but when the ambu-lance came mother and child were taken at full speed to Bellevue Hospital. Jenny was taken straight to the operating room, where Dr. Brooks found that the peanut shell had slipped down the windpipe into the bronchial tube leading to the right lung. He opened the windpipe, but could not get the shell out. The operation permitted the baby to breathe more freely, but it was impossible to extract the shell. They told Mrs. Bernstein she had better go home. She says she went away with the doctor's as-surance that baby would live, and that she

need not worry.

She sent her husband to the hospital yesterday morning. He stayed away so long that she was frightened. About noon, when the children were flocking out of the neighboring synagogues, a carriage drove up to the door of the house in Orchard street.
Out of it stepped Mr. Bernstein in threadbare clothes. In his arms he carried a
small box. His face betrayed no emotion as he entered the house and carried his bur-den up the stairs. His wife opened the door on hearing his footsteps, and then she saw the box and fainted.

THE SCENE OF SORROW. Bernstein placed the box in the middle of

Making newspapers pay for his advertise-ments instead of his paving them seemed a the room and then sat down in a chair by the window. He sat there all day without speaking or shedding a tear, and stared at the little coffin with an expressionless face. Neighbors came and brought the mother to. She could not cry either. She lifted the cover of the box, and said, half in German, well treated because some notices of his toilet articles did not appear in the papers. half in Hebrew: "Jenny is only asleep. Isn't she pretty?
Look at her beautiful blue eyes and her
hair, which is brighter than the color of That a mere writer might have objections to his perversion of her work and the free-dom taken with her name, which could not

What a healthy sweet-looking child she is! Hush, baby, sleep in peace; the angels watch your cradle. Oh, Jenny is in a coffin! My God! she's dead, dead, dead! Then she sang a Hebrew lullaby and knelt by the coffin. A neighbor went to the undertaker and brought a black cloth with the name "Jenny" embroidered in white letters, which she laid over the box. Then this neighbor sat on the threadbare lounge in the room and began to cry, while the mother went on with her lullaby. This continued until long after twilight, and the mother walked constantly up and down the room, while the father sat in silence. Next day the little coffin was lowered in a grave.

Electrical Lectures.

It was recently suggested that electrical night schools be established in various cittee for the benefit of those who desired to become familiar with electrical subjects, but who were fully occupied during the day. Columbia College is about to put into prac-tice a modification of this idea, and its President, Dr. Seth Low, states that it proposes to have a course of evening lectures illustrated by experiments, on the practica applications of electricity. Dr. Low, while favoring the idea of night schools in electricity, under certain conditions, is of opinion that, in some cases, where they are not practicable, a course of evening lectures can SHIRLEY DARE. | be given with very great benefit,

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